

THE ARTEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1829.

NO. 11.

From Bayley's Ballads.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

My wife is very musical,
She tunes it over much;
And teases me with what they call
Her fingering and touch!
She's instrumental to my pain,
Her very Broadwood quakes!
Her vocal efforts split my brain,
I shiver when she shakes!

She tells me, with the greatest ease
Her voice goes up to C!
And proves it, till her melodies
Are maladies to me!
She's "Isabelling," if I stir
From where my books lie hid;
Or "Oh, no! we never mention her,"
—I wish she never did.

Her newest turns turn out to be
The same as heard last year;
Alas, there's no variety
In variations here!
I see her puff, I see her pant,
Through ditties wild and strange—
I wish she'd change her notes, they want
Some silver and some change!"

From the Boston Courier.

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt"
Though 'tis wisdom in winter to laugh and be fat,
Be solemn when mornings so muggy abound;
For 'tis better, my man, to be thin as a cat,
Or lean as Lampedo, than portly and round.
The sun is in Scorpio, to waste us away—
And the sign is in belly, (if that be polite;)
The horrors accumulate on us by day,
And incubus takes us in keeping at night.
I should like to take root, like a sycamore tree,
And over a fountain my green branches wave;
I should like to live under the 80th degree,
And dive in a dungeon, and sleep in a cave.
To be pealed with hail, I could cut off a year
Of the life that a burden and bore is to-day;
Though I might live an hundred beneath a glacier,
Or a hole in an iceberg of Labrador Bay.

SELECT TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine for July.

AN ADVENTURE IN CEYLON.

We conquered Ceylon from the Dutch in the year 1796; and though it has since been rather an expensive jewel in the British crown, it is unspeakable the service it has been of as a king's government in the East, to overawe those monopolizing rogues, the Company, not to mention providing for a number of fine young men of younger brothers, in the capacity of civil servants, and for more grown gentlemen, as Governors, Lieut. Governors, Judges, and other officers needful for the pomp and circumstances of a government. A few regiments of the line, and one most efficient native corps, with some artillery, compose the force deemed necessary for the protection of the island. This little army, since the time we are about to speak of, now some ten years ago, can scarcely at the present day be composed of the same individuals; as, besides the usual changes incident to a military career, the lives of a great portion of those brave fellows were expended in the rebellion of 1817-18, when the Kondyan natives of the interior made a determined and obstinate attempt to expel us from their country, of which we had three years before taken possession. It is seldom that the courage and perseverance of British soldiers have been more severely put to the trial; and many

mortal remains, which were then left to rot in the jungle of Ceylon, belonged to as brave youths as ever at the great last day will claim those bleached upon the plain of Salamanca, or on the mighty Waterloo itself. Unfortunately for the survivors of the Kondyan war, the effects of the last named battle were too fresh and dazzling in the eyes of the "powers that be;" and strange to say, no honours, well merited and dearly purchased as they would have been, were bestowed upon the officers of this gallant little army.

We have started rather wide from our purpose, we confess; but as the officer to whom the adventure happened, which we are about to relate, was high in the staff of that army, what we have said, we hope, will not be deemed quite apropos to nothing. The whole affair has been lately detailed to us by a mutual friend; and as we are at a loss how to improve it, we shall save ourselves all trouble by simply transcribing his letter.

"You have often asked me for the particulars of the adventure of our friend H. in the Jungle of Ceylon, with the two Bears; and having lately had the circumstances related to me by our friend himself, I shall endeavor to conquer my habitual dislike to writing while I impart them to you. In doing so I shall adhere, as nearly as possible, to the words he used in his narration; and, as the whole is interesting, I have no scruple in making him commence with you, as he did with me, from the day before his hairbreadth escape. To those who never were in the country where the scene is laid, it is necessary to explain that the southern coast of Ceylon, from Tangalle stretching eastward to the province of Batticaloa, is a desert, with the single exception of Hambantotte, where a civil servant is stationed for the superintendance and collection of the salt spontaneously produced along the coast. The character of the country varies, being sometimes deep sand, at others jungle and forest, and frequently large grassy plains. The inhabitants of this tract of country, of nearly two hundred miles, are so few, that it may be said to be abandoned entirely to elephants, buffaloes, wild hogs, and last, not least, abundance of leopards, as well as bears of a most ferocious race. Occasionally a few runners are placed in the huts, from fifteen to twenty miles apart, for the purpose of transmitting such letters as Government may send by that route; and there is, moreover, an empty rest-house or two, merely sufficient to shelter the weary traveller from the rays of the sun.

"I was proceeding," said our friend, "in the way of my duty, from Point de Galle to the Post of Hambantotte, on the south-east coast of the island, and had sent forward my servants and baggage by land, while I myself embarked in a native boat, called a dhoney, at the small bay of Billigham, half way between Point de Galle and Matura. I went on board between eleven and twelve o'clock of the day; and, as it was the month of July, with the Monsoon blowing in my favor with all its vigor, I had no doubt of reaching the place of my destination, though sixty miles off, before daylight the follow-

ing morning. With this idea, I had provided no sea-stock beyond a bottle of brandy, accidentally put into my hands, and a change of linen, with dressing utensils. You may next judge of my disappointment, when day dawned, between five and six o'clock, as it does in that country, to find that we had overshot our port. It was impossible to land amidst the tremendous surf on that coast in the south-west Monsoon, and the Tandil, or master of the boat, who, by the way, was bound to Trincomalee, said, that all he could do, was to land me at a small bite or bay called Pootanie, which was still some hours' sail ahead, and between fifty and sixty miles beyond the breakfast awaiting me at Hambantotte. This was rather serious to a man with a good appetite, who had fasted nothing from the day before at breakfast, in a part of the country quite uninhabited, excepting by a couple of men posted here and there, for the purpose of carrying the Tappaul. But I felt strong and vigorous; and the Kondyan campaign had taught me to fast. I thought, too, if I once got ashore, I should be able to find one or other of the Tappaul huts I have mentioned, and come in for a share of the currie and rice of its inmates. At a station, moreover, by name Pallitopanie, about half-way between where I was to be put ashore and Hambantotte, there was an English corporal, with a few native soldiers, in charge of a depot of salt. But to proceed. I was landed in a small canoe from the larger vessel. I took with me a black man, who was proceeding to Trincomalee with some trifling articles of merchandize, who said he could show me the hut in the neighborhood, where I could get one of the runners beforementioned to be my guide, as well as to carry a small leather case with a change of linen and dressing utensils. We had no sooner stopped on the beach, than the men in the canoe treacherously pushed off for their vessel, and my black friend threw himself at my feet, imploring me to let him go also, and that I should proceed far enough not to be seen, otherwise the men in the canoe would not be prevailed to return for him: and, separated from his property on board the dhoney, he should be ruined. I granted his request; and, from a small distance, had the satisfaction to see him taken off by the people in the canoe, and of feeling myself alone in a desert, hungry, and without the means of procuring food, and even ignorant of the road, and, of course, with little chance of finding any of the letter-carriers or their huts. It was now drawing towards three o'clock, and with my little valise in one hand, and my brandy bottle, about half full, in the other, I went in search of the hut. After fruitlessly spending an hour in endeavoring to find it, I deemed it better, as the sun was fast descending, to turn my face towards the west, and endeavor to reach the next station, Yalle, by name, about sixteen miles distant, and where there was a rest-house. The country was a number of open plains of different sizes, divided from each other by extensive low jungles, interspersed with the large forest trees of the country. It was not without some difficulty that I could find the path; and my striking upon the right one I con-

sidered as particularly fortunate. I jogged on at a brisk pace, and all went well till about sun-set, when I was aware of a herd of elephants in the jungle on each side of the path I had to pass. I could just see their backs occasionally above the bushes, and hear the small trees cracking and giving way on each side, as they walked through them, as a man would through a field of corn. These animals gave me but little uneasiness, as I had frequently been a-shooting them; and though I had heard of instances of their attacking men, I had not on any occasion seen them, that they did not run away on raising a shout or firing a shot. When I came near, one of them perceived me, and gave that angry cry, which all who have been accustomed to elephants know so well. I shouted and ran forward, but instead of taking to flight, as I expected, the one who saw me, made out of the jungle after me. I had got out of the herd, and I fled on my way with all the swiftness of which I was capable. He was overtaking me fast, however, and was not many yards from me, when I turned round and threw my portmanteau at him. By special good fortune this arrested his progress, and he stopped to examine my kit. When I had got forty or fifty yards from him, I stopped also. Perhaps you will scarcely credit me when I say, that even then I was not afraid; but so it was, and I looked upon the affair more in a ludicrous than any other light. I was determined not to give up my packet so easily, and I again shouted and ran back a few paces towards my friend. Upon so doing he renewed his attack, and charged me a second time. This time I should have had a poor chance for it, but fortunately a small inequality of ground intervened, when he was close upon me, and I started to one side, stooping down as much as possible, while he passed onwards. I saw him bewildered at having lost me, while I skulked away as quickly as I could, and regained my road by a circuitous route. I had not proceeded much farther when the sun set, and in the very short twilight which follows in that climate, I perceived two animals come out of the jungle into the path about 100 yards before me. In the uncertain light, I at first took them for the half-grown calves of wild buffaloes, an animal abounding in that part of the island, and they proceeded with their heads down towards a large tree by the side of the road I had to pass, where they began snuffing the roots. I was now near enough to see that they were bears of a very large size. To turn aside was impossible, as the jungle was of a kind impenetrable to a man, being full of the long thorn, called the buffalo thorn, from its toughness. To go back never entered my mind—indeed I had little time for thought, as I was now within thirty paces of them. They lifted up their heads and marked their anger by a short roar, which I returned by charging them until I found myself within three yards of them, without their offering to move away. They made a step towards me, the largest one, evidently the male, about its length before the other; I kept my face towards them, and edged round so as to get on that side of them by which I was to pursue my route. At

this moment they made a short bound at me, which I escaped by springing backwards, but still fronting them; and they missed me a second time in that way. These were more like the consecutive bounds of a clumsy gallop, than anything else, but the third I saw was to be my last. All that I remember is, uttering a sound of horror between a scream and a roar, and as the foremost animal rose at me, I struck him with all the force of my body on the nose and teeth with my brandy bottle, the only thing in my hands. I need not say that the bottle broke into shivers; and whether it was the blow on the nose—a part I have since heard, of great tenderness in bears—or that part of the brandy went into his mouth and eyes, and astonished him, or both these things together, I know not; but he turned round and moved off, followed by his companion down the path away from me, and so into the jungle. The female at no time had taken a decided part, keeping rather in the rear, and only backing her mate by encouraging grunts. The whole business, I may say, scarcely occupied a minute's time, during which I did not in the least lose my presence of mind, probably from the shortness of the time. I felt so conscious, indeed, of my own strength, that had there been but one bear, though I might have suffered much, I was confident I could have dislocated his jaw. But the two together quite discomfited me. I said that I never lost my presence of mind during the rencontre; but I own I stood as if fixed to the spot while they moved off, and till they were out of sight. My first impulse was then to run, which I continued for about three miles, when I reached the large plain, which I guessed to be that of Yalle. I then fell down quite exhausted, and lay upon the ground for above half an hour, when I rose and moved slowly across the large open ground to the other side of it, where I knew the rest-house to be situated. The latter part of the way was through a jungle for about 100 yards; and I confess I was so alarmed that I could not face the risk of this, and therefore steered my course down towards the sea coast. At last my way was happily stopped by the river which flows there, and I had lain myself down on my face, and satisfied my thirst by drinking, as you may conceive, most inordinately. Quite dark as it was, there was little chance of my being able to find the solitary clay-built rest-house, which I knew to be thereabouts. So I stretched myself on the sand, and slept there till the moon rose soon after midnight, when I resumed my search successfully, and finished my sleep on its earthen floor. In the morning, at its first dawn, I endeavored to find the hut of the letter carriers, but to no purpose, though I actually viewed one of them for a moment; but, instead of obeying my loud summons to come to my assistance, he fled and concealed himself. This I am ashamed to say, is but too often the conduct of the natives under similar circumstances, knowing full well beforehand that they are only required to act as guide, or to carry luggage, for either of which services they are frequently but inadequately rewarded. I again, therefore, started on my way to Pallitopané, over twelve miles of deep sand, where I arrived with difficulty at three o'clock, almost dead from the rays of the scorching sun, fatigue, and hunger; having ate nothing from the morning of my embarkation till I reached this place, a space of time of about fifty-three hours. Luckily it had rained, and I occasionally found water to drink in the holes made by the feet of the wild elephants and buffaloes. The kind care of the only European at the post, an honest corporal of the 19th regiment, soon brought me round, by preparing a hot bath for me, and a good currie, not to

mention a share of his brandy bottle, to compensate for the one which the bear had cost me. Next day he escorted me with his musket on his shoulder to Hambantotte, where my labor ended, as I got housed with my friend the Collector, and found my servants and baggage arrived. I must not finish without remarking on the brandy bottle. It was actually forced upon me in spite of my refusal, by a gentleman who seen me embark on board the Dhoney, and it was nearly broken from want of a cork screw to open it, in order to relieve the wife of a soldier who was on board going to join her husband, and who, being sea-sick, took a longing for this panacea. It was by the merest accident that after this I retained it in my hand, when I gave up my portmanteau to the elephant, and it seems almost to have been so arranged by an interposition of Providence.

"So much for our friend H—. To you, or indeed to any one who knows his gallant, soldier-like bearing and perfect modesty, it is needless to say how thoroughly every word of his narrative may be relied upon. Though he never mentioned the circumstance beyond a few very particular friends, it is now well known to many in this country, particularly to the family of the late most worthy Governor of the colony, who was there when it happened."

Here ends our correspondent, and here ends our anecdote. We hope our readers won't find it tedious, and that such of them to whom it may ever happen to have to travel through so much jungle alone, will by no means neglect to carry a bottle of cognac, as the most efficient pocket-pistol with which they can be provided. We give this recommendation from brandy being more generally procurable than good Highland whiskey, but where the latter is to be had, all good men and true will prefer it as a cordial; and we venture to affirm, it will prove at least equal to the Frenchman as a weapon of defence.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

From Silliman's Journal.

OBSERVATIONS ON IGNIS FATUUS.

By the Rev. John Mitchell.

Those luminous appearances, which are popularly called "Will-o'-the-wisp" and "Jack-a-lantern," have been alike the object of vulgar superstition and philosophical curiosity; and notwithstanding all attempts to apprehend and subject them to examination, they are not much more the subjects of knowledge now than they were centuries ago. They are still an ignis fatuus to the philosopher, and a thing of mystery to the credulous.

I was myself, formerly, familiar with these appearances; they were of frequent occurrence near my father's residence, owing, probably, to the proximity of extensive wet grounds, over which they are usually seen. The house stood upon a ridge, which sloped down on three sides to the beautiful meadows which form the margin of the Connecticut, and of its tributary creeks; and which, owing to their own luxuriance and the deposits of the vernal freshets, are covered with rich and constantly decaying vegetable matter. From the circumstance, also, that we had no neighbors in the direction of these grounds, a light could not be seen over them without attracting our notice. I mention this by way of suggesting, that probably the ignis fatuus, in consequence of its not being always distinguished from the lights surrounding houses, and therefore exciting no curiosity, is oftener seen than it is supposed to be.

These mysterious luminaries used often to be seen by the fishermen, who plied their nets by night as well as by day. They

commonly reported that they saw them a little above the surface of the meadow, dancing up and down, or gliding quietly along in a horizontal line. Sometimes two, or even three, would be seen together, skipping and dancing, or sailing away in concert, as if rejoicing in their mutual companionship. I might entertain you with abundance of fabulous accounts of them—the offspring of imaginations, tinctured with superstition, and of minds credulous from the natural love of the marvellous. Fables, however, are of little value for the purposes of science: if the following account of some of the phenomena of the ignis fatuus shall, with the observations of others, contribute towards the true theory of its nature, you will think them worthy of a place in your Journal.

A friend of mine, returning from abroad late in the evening, had to cross a strip of marsh. As he approached the causeway, he noticed a light towards the opposite end, which he supposed to be a lantern in the hand of some person whom he was about to meet. It proved, however, to be a solitary flame a few inches above the marsh, at the distance of a few feet from the edge of the causeway. He stopped some time to look at it; and was strongly tempted, notwithstanding the miriness of the place, to get nearer to it, for the purpose of closer examination. It was evidently a vapor, [phosphorescent hydrogen?] issuing from the mud, and becoming ignited, or at least luminous, in contact with the air. It exhibited a flickering appearance, like that of a candle expiring in its socket; alternately burning with a large flame, and then sinking to a small taper; and occasionally, for a moment, becoming quite extinct. It constantly appeared over the same spot.

With the phenomena exhibited in this instance, I have been accustomed to compare those exhibited in other instances, whether observed by myself or others; and, generally, making due allowance for the illusion of the senses and the credulity of the imagination in a dark and misty night, (for it is on such nights that they usually appear,) I have found these phenomena sufficient for the explanation of all the fantastic tricks which are reported of these phantoms.

They are supposed to be endowed with a locomotive power. They appear to recede from the spectator, or to advance towards him. But this may be explained without locomotion—by their variation in respect to quantity of flame. As the light dwindles away, it will seem to move from you, and with a velocity proportioned to the rapidity of its diminution. Again as it grows larger, it will appear to approach you. If it expires, by several flickers or flashes, it will seem to skip from you, and when it reappears, you will easily imagine that it has assumed a new position. This reasoning accounts for their apparent motion, either to or from the spectator; and I never could ascertain that they moved in any other direction, that is, in a line oblique or perpendicular to that in which they first appeared. In one instance, indeed, I thought this was the fact, and what struck me as more singular, the light appeared to move, with great rapidity, directly against a very strong wind. But after looking some time, I reflected that I had not changed the direction of my eye at all, whereas, if the apparent motion had been real, I ought to have turned half round. The deception was occasioned by the motion of the wind itself—as a stake standing in a rapid stream will appear to move against the current.

It is a common notion that the ignis fatuus cannot be approached, but will move off as rapidly as you advance. This char-

acteristic is mentioned in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. It is doubtless a mistake. Persons attempting to approach them have been deceived, perhaps, as to their distance, and finding them further off than they imagined, have proceeded a little way, and given over, under the impression that pursuit was vain. An acquaintance of mine, a plain man, told me he actually stole up close to one, and caught it in his hat, as he thought. "And what was it?" I asked. "It was n't nothin."* On looking into his hat for the "shining jelly," it had wholly disappeared. His motions had dissipated the vapor, or, perhaps, his foot had closed the orifice from which it issued. To this instance another may be added. A young man and woman, walking home from an evening visit, approached a light which they took for a lantern carried by some neighbor, but which, on actually passing it, they found to be borne by no visible being; and taking themselves to flight, burst into the nearest house with such precipitation as to overturn the furniture, and impart no small share of their fright to the family.

The circumstance that these lights usually appear over marshy grounds, explains another popular notion respecting them; namely, that they possess the power of beguiling persons into swamps and fens. To this superstition Parnell alludes in his Fairy Tale, in which he makes Will-o'-the-wisp one of his dancing fairies:

"Then Will who bears the wispy fire,
To trail the swains among the mire," &c.

In a misty night, they are easily mistaken for the light of a neighboring house, and the deceived traveller, directing his course towards it, meets with fences, ditches, and other obstacles, and by perseverance, lands at length, quite bewildered, in the swamp itself. By this time, he perceives that the false lamp is only a mischievous Jack-a-lantern. An adventure of this kind I remember to have occurred in my own neighborhood. A man left his neighbor's house late in the evening, and at daylight had not reached his own, a quarter of a mile distant; at which his family being concerned, a number of persons went out to search for him. We found him near the swamp, with soiled clothes and a thoughtful countenance, reclining by a fence. The account he gave was, that he had been led into the swamp by a Jack-a-lantern. His story was no doubt true, and yet had little of the marvellous in it. The night being dark, and the man's senses a little disordered withal, by a glass too much of his neighbor's cherry, on approaching his house he saw a light, and not suspecting that it was not upon his own mantel, made towards it. A bush, or a bog, might have led to the same place, if he had happened to take it for his chimney top.

* In the colloquial double negative of the common people of New England.—[Editor.]

LEANING TO THE CHURCH.—A man who had applied for admission into the church, says the Berkshire American, was observed by the pastor, a day or two after, in a state of glorious intoxication, leaning on a fence in front of the meeting house. "I am surprised to see you in this condition," said the minister, "I thought you were calculating to join the church." The unworthy applicant looked up with a maudlin stare, and replied: "True, I did think about it—and I'm rather *l-l-leaning* that way, now."

READING PAPERS.—An honest farmer, not five miles from this place, was asked why he did not take a paper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died—heaven rest his soul—left me a good many papers, and I havn't read them all through yet."—*Ib.*

From the Boston Medical Intelligencer.
THE SIAMESE BOYS.

The precise effect of this physical union on the intellectual faculties—the moral sentiments, and the animal propensities of these boys—its influence on the functions of the different organs, and how far it would communicate or modify the effects of morbid or medicinal agents, are subjects on which we shall not enter. No opportunity has yet presented of observing the influence which disease or medicine in one would exert on the other; but circumstances do not appear to justify the least suspicion of any mental individuality. Whispering in the ear of one conveyed no sense of sound to the other. Volatile salts applied to the nostrils of one produced in the other only a curiosity to try the same experiment on himself. Pinching the arm of one was attended by no sensation in the other. Being desirous of ascertaining if there was any point where both felt, we made an impression with the point of a pin in the exact vertical centre of their connecting link; both said it hurt them. We then made other impressions, extending them gradually further from this point; the result was, that within the distance of three-fourths of an inch from the centre towards each boy, sensation was communicated to both by a single prick; beyond this it was excited in one only, the other perceiving it in no degree whatever. The experiment was remarkably satisfactory, and we apprehend that further than here exhibited, the two youths must be considered, while in a state of health, as free and independent agents, and the functions of all the other organs as unconnected as those of their brains.



Twins generally resemble each other in intellect and disposition, as well as in person, and this is particularly the case with the boys in question. When to this natural resemblance we add the habit they have contracted of acting simultaneously and in concert, we shall be less surprised than we might at first be, at the facility with which their various movements are performed, and the quickness with which one responds to the inclinations of the other. In the course of the voyage, they would not only run, we are told, and leap with great agility, and without interfering with each other, but climb to the mast-head as fast as any sailor on board the ship. They are seldom observed to converse with each other, and the concert with which they act seems to be almost instinctive. In playing the game of drafts, e. g., which they learnt with great ease, being of a people naturally fond of games and gambling, they were observed to decide on their moves almost instantaneously, and to make them with a quickness and air of decision sufficiently characteristic of all their movements. In the course of the game, sometimes one and sometimes the other would make the move; they appeared to have the same plans, and always acquiesced in the moves of each other. Yet they sometimes play

against each other; and so strong is their habit of co-acting, that such games go on with less freedom than when opposing a third person. Their appetites and tastes are all very much alike, and they appear not only contented, but happy, and extremely attached to each other. Captain Coffin was informed by their mother that she had borne seventeen children. Once she had three at a time, and never less than two; though none of her children were in any way deformed. The question naturally arises in the mind of the observer, could not this connecting subject be divided without injury to the boys? We do not pretend to solve this problem, which, after all can only be fully decided by the experiment; but we hesitate not to say, that after several very accurate examinations, our impressions are that such division would be a detriment only to the very respectable and obliging gentleman who offers them for exhibition. The anatomical structure of this bond of union is apparently simple, and we regard the fact that children so united should have been ushered into the world with safety to themselves and their mother, that they should have escaped the ills and early fatality which usually attend such prodigies, that they should have grown up to the age of 18 years in the uniform exercise of mutual good will and a spirit of mutual accommodation; that they should be so perfectly contented with their lot, and so happy in all the various unpleasant circumstances in which they are placed, is far more remarkable than that such a deformity should have existed.

LITERARY NOTIFICATION.—In a certain benighted part of the country may be seen on the outside of a humble cottage, the following inscription, in large gilt letters, “A Seminary for Young Ladies.” This was, perhaps, too abstruse for the villagers, as, immediately underneath, there is added, in rude characters, “Notty beney,” “Allso a Gal’s Skool.”

Two whiskered dandies, with hair enough under their chins to make a grenadier’s cap, went the other day to the British Institution. On reading the inscription over the door, “No dogs admitted,” the foremost turned to his friend and wittily observed—“You must go back, Fred, you see they don’t admit you.” “Oh! don’t be frightened, gentlemen,” said the door-keeper, “you may both come in;” adding, as he quietly pocketed the cash, “the regulation does not extend to *puffies*.”

In the fashionable phraseology of the day, a lady who has a *tendre* for an officer is said to have the ‘scarlet fever’; when the attachment is for one of the Horse Guards, [the Blues,] we are told she is afflicted with the ‘blue devils.’

A celebrated dentist extracts teeth without pain. “How is this?” we asked. “Why,” says a friend, “it is done by making a fulcrum of the other teeth, the pressure on which, by a sort of lever, is so painful, that the pain is taken away, or appears to be so, from the tooth operated on.” This is like taking away the smell of onions by using *asafetida*.

Among the Druses, a sect of Christians in Syria, the women wear a horn projecting from their foreheads, called *tantoon*, twenty inches long, tinselled over with gold or silver leaf. A young married woman, near Deir-el-Ramman, wore one of solid silver. On being asked to sell another in her possession, of solid brass, she declared that she would rather lose her head than her horn. This is undoubtedly a very ancient custom, and illustrates the scriptural expression in the Psalms—“Thine horn hast thou exalted.”

LITERARY.

From the London Mirror.
THE SORROWS OF ROSALIE...A TALE.

This beautiful little volume has, in less than six months, reached a fourth edition, which is to us a proof that the readers of the present day know how to discriminate pure gold from pinebeak, and intense, natural feeling from the tinsel and tissues of flimsy “poetry.” The booksellers, nevertheless, say that poetry is unsaleable; and they are usually allowed to speak feelingly on the score of popularity and success. Yet within a very short time, we have seen a splendid poem, the “Pelican Island,” by Montgomery; the “Course of Time,” a Miltonic composition, by the Rev. Mr. Pollock; and now we have before us a poem, of which, on an average, an edition has been sold in six weeks. The sweeping censure that poems are unsaleable, belongs then to a certain grade of poetry which ought never to have strayed out of the album in which it was first written, except for the benefit of the stationer, printer, and the newspapers. Nearly all the poetry of this description wants the pathos and deep feeling which uniformly characterizes true poetry, and has a lasting impression on the reader: whereas, all the “initial” celebrity, the honied sweetness, lasts but for a few months, and then drops into oblivion.

The story of the “Sorrows of Rosalie” (there’s music in the name) is not of uncommon occurrence; would to Heaven it were more rare. Rosalie, won by her omnipotent lover, Arthur, leaves her aged father; is deceived by promises of marriage; and at length, deserted by her seducer. She seeks her betrayer in London, (where the many-headed monster, Vice, may best conceal herself,) is repulsed, and after enduring all the bitterness of cruelty, hunger, and remorse, she returns to her father’s house; but nothing of him and his remains but his memory and his tomb. She is then driven to dishonesty to supply the cravings of her child—is tried and acquitted. During her imprisonment, the child dies; distress brings on her temporary insanity; but she at length flies to a secluded part of the country, and there seeks a solace for her miseries with making peace with her Fended Maker.

We can only *catch* a few portions of the poem, just to show the intensity with which even common scenes and occurrences are worked up. Here is a picture of Rosalie’s happy home:

Home of my childhood! quiet, peaceful home!
Where in peace sat smiling on my brow!
Why did I leave thee, willingly to roam,
Lured by a traitor’s vainly trusted vow?
Could they, the fond and happy, see me now,
Who knew me when life’s early summer smiled,
They would not know ‘twas I, or marvel how
The laughing thing, half woman, and half child,
Could e’er be changed to form so squalid, wan, and wild!

I was most happy—witness it, ye skies,
That watched the slumbers of my peaceful night!
Till each succeeding morning saw me rise
With cheerful song, and heart for ever light;
No heavy gems—no jewel, sparkling bright,
Cumbered the tresses nature’s self had twined;
Nor festive torches glared before my sight;
Unknowing and unknown, with peaceful mind,
Blest in the lot I knew, none else I wished to find.
I had a father—a grey-haired old man,
Whom Fortune’s sad reverses keenly tried;
And now his dwindling life’s remaining span
Locked up in me the little left of pride;
And knew no hope, no joy, no care beside.
My father! dare I say I loved him well?
I, who could leave him to a hireling guide?
Yet all my thoughts were *his*, and bitterer fell
The pangs of leaving *him*, than all I have to tell.
And oh! my childhood’s home was lovelier far
Than all the stranger homes where I have been;
It seem’d as if each pale and twinkling star
Loved to shine out upon so fair a scene;
Never were flowers so sweet, or fields so green,
As those that wont that lovely eot to grace;
If, as tradition tells, this earth has seen
Creatures of heavenly form and angel race,
They might have chose that spot to be their dwelling place.

The first approach of her love is thus told:
He came—admired the pure and peaceful scene,
And offered money for our humble cot;
Oh! justly burned my father’s cheek, I ween,
“His sires by honest toil the dwelling got—
Their home was not for sale.” It matters not
How after that Lord Arthur won my love:
He smiled contemptuous on my humble lot,
Yet left no means untried my heart to move,
And call’d to witness *his*, the glorious heavens above.
Oh! dimm’d are now the eyes he used to praise;
Sad is the laughing brow where hopes were beaming;
The cheek that blush’d at his impulsion gaze,
Wan as the waters where the moon is gleaming;
For many a tear of sorrow hath been streaming
Down the changed face, which knew no care before;

And my sad heart, awaken’d from its dreaming,
Recalls those days of joy untimely o'er,
And mourns remember’d bliss, which can return no more.

It was upon a gentle summer’s eve,
When Nature lay all silently at rest—
I sought in vain to soothe my troubled breast,
And wandered forth alone, for well I guess’d
That Arthur would be lingering in the bower
Which oft with summer garlands I had dress’d;
Where blamelessly I spent full many an hour,
Ere yet I felt of love’s or sin’s remorseless power.
No joyful step to welcome me was there;
For slumber had her transient blessing sent
To him I loved—the still and balmy air,
The blue and quiet sky, repose had lent,
Deep as her own—above that form I bent,
The rich and clustering curls I gently raised,
And, trembling, kiss’d his brow—I turn’d & went—
Softly I stole away, nor lingering gazed,
Fearful and wondering still, at my own deed amazed.

Her first pangs of sorrow at quitting home:
“Oh, Arthur! stay”—he turn’d, and all was o'er—
My sorrow, my repentance—all was vain—
I dreamt the dream of life and love once more,
To wake to sad reality of pain!
He spoke, but to my ear no sound was plain,
Until the little wicket gate we pass’d—
That sound of home I never heard again,
And then “drive on—drive faster—yet more fast!”
I raised my weeping head—Oh, had I look’d my last!

One of those precious moments in which remorse overtakes the victim of crime, is thus finely drawn:
Months pass’d! One evening, as of early days,
When first my bosom thrill’d *his* voice to hear,
And thought upon the gentle words of praise
Which forced my lips to smile, and chased my fear;
I sang—sob, deep, single, struck my ear;
Wondering, I gazed on Arthur, bending low—
His features were concealed, but many a tear,
Quick gushing forth, continued fast to flow—
Stood where they fell, then sank like dew-drops on
the snow.

Oh yes! however cold in after years,
At least it caused the sorrow *then* to leave me:
And for those few sincere, remorseful tears,
I do forgive (tho’ thou couldst thus deceive me)
The years of peace of which thou didst bereave me.
Yes! as I saw those gushing life drops come
Back to the heart which yet delay’d to grieve me,
Thy love return’d a moment to its home,
Far, far away from me for ever then to roam.

He deserts her:
Still hope was left me, and each tedious hour
Was counted as it brought his coming near;
And joyfully I watch’d each fading flower,
Each tree, whose shadowy boughs grew red and scar,
And hail’d sad autumn, favorite of the year.
At length, my time of sorrow came—’twas over,
A beauteous boy was brought me, doubly dear,
For all the fears that promise caused to hover
Round him—’twas over—I claim’d a husband in my lover.

On her return to her paternal cottage:
“My father! oh, my father!” vain the cry—
I had no father now, no need to say—
“Thou art alone!” I felt my misery—
My father, yet return—return! The day
When sorrow had avail’d had pass’d away;
Tears cannot raise the dead, grief cannot call
Back to the earthy corse the spirit’s ray:
Vainly eternal tears of blood might fall—
One short year since, he lived—my hopes now perished all!

The tale then concludes:
Years have gone by—my tho’ts have risen higher—
I sought for refuge at the Almighty’s throne:
And when I sit by this low mould’ring fire,
With but my bible, feel not quite alone;
Lingering in peace, till I can lay me down,
Quiet and cold, in that last dwelling place,
By him o’er whose young head the grass is grown—
By him, who yet shall rise with angel face,
Pleading for me, the lost and sinful of my race.

And, if I still heave one sad, reluctant sigh—
If earthly sorrows still will cross my heart—
If still to my now dimm’d and sunken eye,
The bitter tear, half cheek’d, it vain will start;
I bid the dreams of other days depart,
And turn, with clasping hands and lips compress’d,
To pray that Heaven will soothe the sad mem’ry’s smart;
Tend me to bear and calm my troubled breast—
And grant her peace in Heaven who not on earth may rest!

The author of this exquisite volume is the daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, and is described as a young and lovely woman, moving in a fashionable sphere.

In this edition are several minor pieces, and others not before published, some of which are of equal merit with the specimens we have here quoted.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE GUITAR.

There must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time would win so much upon the affections.—*Sterne*.

The last tones of that beautiful and pathetic ballad, "O, no! we never mention him," were lingering for the last time upon the strings of the guitar which LUCY had received as a parting token of unalterable affection from Albert, when, three years before, he left the pleasant vale of Salisburn in search of fortune in the sickly climate of the Indies. They were lingering around the strings she had so often and so eloquently touched, as if conscious that they were the last she should ever wake, and as if unwilling to forsake the presence of the young enchantress, when a thundering rap was heard upon the knocker of their humble but genteel abode. The moment had at last arrived! Misfortune, followed with impatient footsteps by others of more overwhelming nature, had swept away the moderate dependence which her widowed mother had once enjoyed, and which the affectionate and lovely Lucy hoped would continue to gild the evening of her aged mother's days. She owned a neat and substantial dwelling, with a beautiful and fertile garden attached to it, in which every delicacy the happy climate of this country produces, matured and mellowed in luxurious abundance. To this was added a sum of money, left by a worthy husband, who was early cut off from her arms, which she had deposited in the hands of one whom she deemed entirely discreet and honest. For a few years it yielded her a handsome living, while the interest was regularly discharged. Life went on happily, and undimmed even by a passing cloud. Her favorite Lucy—her only child—the solitary representative of an adored and long regretted husband—was now growing up to womanhood, until her maiden beauties suddenly expanded into full meridian bloom. She had been tenderly reared, for she was the only flower in her widowed mother's garden of existence. Carefully were the faculties of her mind improved by constant exercise—by education, finished, accomplished, and polite—while the sterling graces of her person were developed, with that care only which considers them as merely secondary. Thus, rich in all that nature can bestow to make a maiden lovely and attractive, and polished by the magic hand of sound instruction, grew up this fair, this happy flower. No wonder that her mother doated on her—for she was dutiful, and was worthy of it. No wonder that the neighboring swains admired her, and sighed in secret rivalry, to think how poor their hopes of finding favor in the sight of one so fair and amiable. Nor need it be matter of surprise that one so noble—so intelligent as ALBERT—possessed of so much manly feeling, and withal, so every way worthy of Lucy, should have been attracted by the fame of her excellence—that he should have seen, loved, sued, and been accepted. Two gentler, more deserving spirits never pledged their faith with more sincerity, nor gave their pledges with brighter prospects of a blissful union.

But alas! how visionary were all their hopes! The decease of a relation in the Indies, who was rumored to have died rich, and who had bequeathed his property to Albert, obliged the latter to set sail for that remote and sickly country, to settle the estate, and secure the bequest. He set sail immediately—but first, after renewing to Lucy vows of everlasting tenderness and love, gave her a guitar, an instrument on which she played with unusual skill, bidding her to keep it in remembrance of her absent lover.

Time rolled on, and Albert was still absent. To the grief which that occasioned, other, and more serious troubles succeeded. The man to whom the widow's little fortune had been loaned, became insolvent, and in the end proved a villain. For the rest, it is soon told. Stripped of their slender income, poverty, in all its horrors, made sure and rapid strides upon them. Distress came fast upon distress; and to add to their affliction, a distant rumor reached the now friendless couple, that Albert, forgetting his early vows, had married an East Indian heiress! The story seemed to come direct, and bore strong evidence of truth. It knocked away, with ruffian violence, the only prop that kept their sinking spirits up. Three long and tedious years had gone since he left them, and his last letter, written nearly a year since, had mentioned his speedy embarkation—but he had not yet arrived. Debt pressed on debt—and the morning was already fixed when their all was to be sold at auction, under the hammer of the law. Even Lucy's guitar was enumerated in the list, and for the very last time she had swept its magic strings, accompanying its notes with her voice. She sang that tender—plaintive—melancholy air, so deeply illustrative of utter destitution and despair—

"O no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word—"

And as the sounds died away upon the now abandoned chords, a thundering rap announced the arrival of the Sheriff, and a crowd of the neighbors, some from curiosity, some from pity, and some with no motive whatever. The widow and her daughter sat in melancholy silence in a corner of the room, absorbed in the magnitude of their distress, and utterly unconscious of the scene enacting around them. The sale went on in the cold and peremptory manner peculiar to all the duties of the finisher of the law. He had nearly ended—every thing was sold but the guitar. From his elevated stand upon a chair, he held it up for the inspection of the company, and even drew his fingers across its wires, that they might judge of its superior excellence. At this moment a strange form stepped upon the door-way, clad in rich and costly garments, with his face browned and tanned with exposure to the sun and elements. At once more hearing the tones of her favorite instrument, Lucy raised her head, and discovered a face wan with care and sorrow, and suffused in torrents of tears. As she looked up, the stranger caught a glimpse of that well-known countenance, and pushing aside with impetuous haste

the crowd that intervened, caught the weeping Lucy in his arms—whispered in her ear that her own Albert had returned, and bore her into an adjoining room. How joyful the surprise need not be described by me. The sale was stopped before the favorite guitar had been knocked off—his long absence explained—the widow's home and furniture re-bought—and the sinking spirits of his ever beloved Lucy revived into perpetual smiles. A few short months gave the venerable mother a new son, and her fragile flower a husband and protector, worthy of her own superior excellence.

COMMUNICATION.

MAKING SUGAR FROM BEETS.

MR. EDITOR:—Having observed a remark in your paper of last week upon the manufacture of sugar from the beet-root, together with a recommendation to our farmers to turn their attention to the cultivation of this culinary article, so common here, and so easily brought to perfection, I here subjoin an extract from the Artist's Manual, giving an account of the manner in which the saccharine principle is extracted, hoping that we may soon manufacture our own sugar, independent of the southrons.

"The beet has been lately [1814] much cultivated in Germany, for the purpose of extracting the sugar from its root. For this the roots are taken up in autumn, washed clean, wiped, sliced lengthwise, strung on threads, and hung up to dry. From these the sugar is extracted by maceration, in a small quantity of water; drawing off this on fresh roots, and adding fresh water to the first roots, which are again to be employed the same way, so as to get out all their sugar, and saturate the water as much as possible with it: this water is to be strained and boiled down for the sugar. Some merely express the juice and boil this down—others boil the roots, but the sugar extracted in either of these ways is not equal in quality to the first. Professor Sampadius, from 100 lbs. of the roots, got 4 lbs. of well grained white powder sugar; and the residuum afforded 7 pints of a spirit resembling rum. Achard says, that about a ton of roots produced him a hundred pounds of raw sugar, which gave 55 lbs. of refined sugar, and 25 lbs. of treacle or molasses."

Speaking of the skirret root, which, as he says below, is to be treated in the same manner as the beet, he remarks:

"It was treated in the following manner, without alcohol, with a view of obtaining the sugar. A quantity of it was chopped small, [the beets to be rasped,] bruised in a mortar, and the juice expressed through a cloth bag; and the pulp was again moistened with water and expressed, to get out all the liquor. The whole liquor was then kept at rest for 48 hours in a cool cellar, by which most of the feculence subsided, and the clear liquor was carefully drawn off. The author lays much stress on this part of the process, which, if not done properly, considerably hinders the subsequent production of the sugar. The clear liquor was then heated in a copper pan, clarified with the white of eggs and boiled down to the consistence of thick syrup, and kept in this state for about six months, in a warm place, by which it concreted into a semi-fluid crystalline mass, composed of impure crystals of sugar and a good deal of syrup. The whole mass was then warmed, to give it a little more fluid consistence, and poured into a funnel-shaped vessel of tinned iron, with holes at the sides and

bottom, and set by in a warm place; by which, after some time, the impure uncongealable syrup slowly filtered to the bottom, leaving the purer saccharine mass in the form of a brown granular sugar. The latter was then re-dissolved in water, again clarified with gelatin of eggs, strained, and boiled with a little lime; again strained, and then evaporated to a thick consistence, and stirred till cold. A sugary viscous mass, still purer than the last, was thus obtained, which, on being kept for a week in a funnel-shaped pot, with a single hole at the bottom, plugged up, congealed into a grained sugar equal to good muscovado, from which a syrup separated and dropped down when the plug was withdrawn. Such is the process of this chemist to obtain a sugar from the skirret root, and he proceeded in the same manner with the white and red beet roots, and with the same success."

In another place he mentions a method of extracting the sugar from all vegetables by digesting them with alcohol, being first rasped or finely divided. This fluid dissolves the sugar and leaves the extractive matter untouched, which falls to the bottom. The liquid is then to be clarified, and boiled down for the sugar. I submit the above to the attention of farmers and gardeners, the above process being only adapted to the manufacture of sugar on a small scale, and surely deserves a trial; the result of which would not fail to be interesting to the public.

DULCORUS.

Philadelphia, 1829.

In Trinity Church-Yard, is an inscription on a tomb so singularly and affectingly beautiful, we cannot forbear to record it, and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry, surmounted by a slab stone, on which are deeply cut the following words:—

"MY MOTHER.
The Trumpet shall sound and the Dead shall rise."

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or the pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning thro' every period of time, up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone—and, dearest of all names, that of mother, shall send a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any shall wish to know further of her who had a child to engrave her most endearing name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet and the rising of the dead, when he may know all.

Since the establishment of the Constitution of the United States, in the year 1789, we have had seven Presidents—seven Vice-Presidents—ten Secretaries of State—nine Secretaries of the Treasury—thirteen Secretaries of War—ten Secretaries of the Navy—seven Post Masters General—and eleven Attorneys General. Of these seventy-four distinguished public officers, but two, we believe, have died in office, and these were both Vice Presidents of the United States. As it is not probable that the offices herein enumerated have been attained at an earlier age than 50, the above statement would warrant the belief that we averaged the attainment of as great an age in this country as is usual in any part of the world.—*Southern Herald*.

THE ARIEL,

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19.

The Oracle.—The plan adopted by some of our valued correspondents of publishing an "Oracle" occasionally in our paper, appears to be popular, if we may judge by the number of letters which pass through our hands. Those who have questions to ask on abstruse or difficult subjects, may direct to "the Oracle," care of the Editor of the Saturday Bulletin, and they may depend on secrecy and attention.

"A Constant Reader" requests us to furnish "a full description of all the copper coins struck by the United States, and the different States, since the commencement of their political existence." We apprehend the state governments have never struck any "coins" since the commencement of their union with each other; and as to a full description, we have it not in our power to describe even the copper coins of the country. We shall hereafter give an account of some curious medals and coins in our possession, provided we can afford to keep them. The "famous Washington cents" are among the number—all in good time.

The watering-places are now deserted, and our sober citizens are lodged again in their own good, clean, tidy, comfortable beds. We believe a little change from good to bad accommodations quite requisite to make us appreciate the former; and believe, many a family have returned home with much greater *gusto* and delight than they departed. Change! change! They will sigh to go somewhere else next year, quite as deeply as they did this—

"What have I to do with thee,
Dull unjoyous constancy!
Every thing of moving kind
Varies, with the veering wind."

Scarcity of Physicians.—We have it upon respectable authority, that a lady was taken suddenly ill in one of our most populous districts lately, and it was two hours before any doctor could be procured. This indicates an extensive practice among the faculty, as a dozen at least were sent for before one was procured. If a few physicians in neighboring cities would move here, and set up practice, it would be a great benefit. The same remark applies with equal force to lawyers!

Girard's Lot.—The fine open square, which occupies the whole ground from Market to Chestnut street, and from Eleventh to Twelfth street, generally known by the appellation of "Girard's Lot," presents a remarkable instance of the vast fortunes which some of our citizens have realized by holding city lots. The history of this square is as follows: The government of Pennsylvania, at the conclusion of the Revolutionary war, entertained great jealousy of the power and influence of the Penns, from the vast quantities of land they possessed, and the consequent weight in the community which the knowledge of such a fact always carries with it. In order to abolish this germ of aristocracy, the legislature confiscated all their property; and in compensation therefor, gave them a large sum of money—the precise amount we do not remember. The lot now owned by Stephen Girard, Esq. and above referred to, was among the property thus sequestered. It remained in possession of the state until the convention which formed the present constitution of the United States had closed its labors. When that convention sat in Philadelphia, Mr. John Dunlap was employed as their confidential printer; and the state of Pennsylvania became responsible for the liquidation of the debt which should be due to him for services rendered the convention. When the convention dissolved, the state was too poor to pay Mr. Dunlap's bill in cash, and obliged him to take the above-mentioned lot in satisfaction of his demand; and, as we believe, it was not received by Mr. D. with any indications of uncommon pleasure. He held it, however, for a few years, and sold it for \$100,000 to Mr. Girard. Since that period, it has been gradually rising in value, as business extended towards the western parts of the city. Within the last five years, the rise has been enormous. Property of all kinds, even on the margin of the Schuylkill, has received a push which

is scarcely credible, principally owing to the improvements in the navigation of the Schuylkill, and the rapid growth of the coal trade on that river. Girard's Lot is now worth \$500,000.

Some years ago, Mr. G. was applied to by a company of carpenters, who proposed to buy the lot, and erect entire blocks of houses and stores. They explained the project in view, and asked his price. Mr. G. listened patiently, and when they had done, replied, "Gentlemen, if you can do that thing, I can do it too, and I will not sell the lot."

Pleasantry.—It seems that great man, "the public," is not at all pleased with the statues in the State House Yard. Two epigrams, and an answer thereto, appeared last week in one of our city papers, with a hope that their pleasantry would excuse their point. We think their *point* excuses their *pleasantry*.

EPICRAM.

Said I to Ned the other day,
As arm in arm we bent our way
Along the State House Yard:
Wisdom and Justice, thus turn'd out
By Mayor and Councils, will, no doubt,
Estem it very hard!
Not so, quoth Ned, for all without
Have now some chance of finding out
The much respected pair;
While none, whose wit was worth a pin,
Would e'er have thought to go within
To look for either *there*. A. P.

Poetic Effusion—found sticking on the back of *WISDOM*, one of the beautiful statues erected at great expense in Independence Square:

O, Mr. Mayor! what have we done,
Our crime we'd like to know;
If we wer'n't wooden images,
You wood'n't use us so!

You've turn'd us out of house and home,
And stuck us here together;
You've given us only each a rag,
To shield us from the weather!

No more we hear the lawyers speak,
And judge or jury bother;
From morn to night we've sought to do
But look at one another!

Astrea-like, we've left the Courts—
The clients make wry faces—
Wisdom and Justice are turn'd out,
And who'll supply their places?

ANSWER—appendant from the lips of *Wisdom*:
Wisdom and Justice turn their backs
On foolish rhymes, and keep in awe
Each knave that wantonly attacks
The Mayor, the Councils, and the law!

To shut them up, beyond a doubt,
Would suit the views of all who sin;
But Justice loves to be *found out*,
And Wisdom won't be *taken in*!

Double distilled essence of periodicals.—The New England Weekly Review claims to be the *essence* of all things published or extant. There are many things utterly spoiled by "boiling down," and we should not like him to cook all our food. The editor says, "If the world wishes for learned dignity, it must read the North American Review; if it likes smartness and piquancy, it must take the Southern Quarterly; if it prefers impudence and effrontery, it must turn over the pages of Neale's Yankee; if it is better pleased with prettiness, it must subscribe to Willis's American Monthly; but if, in the exuberance of its wisdom, it looks for a union of learning, dignity, smartness, prettiness, and impudence, it must turn its attention to our own Weekly. It is our practice to boil down the contents of each of the above mentioned publications, as well as innumerable others, to the matter of a thimble-full, and regularly administer the decoction to the public as often as their condition requires it."

Sir Walter Scott.—The fertility of genius is strongly marked in this gifted man. A late number of the Caledonian Mercury gives a complete list of the writings of this celebrated author, including compilations, and works of which he has had the editing. The whole number of volumes is *one hundred and ninety*, besides innumerable contributions to Magazines and Reviews. The very copying of so much matter would seem to be the labor of a life, without the wear and tear of brain consequent upon so much composition.

Miss Wright and Mrs. Royall.—This is the age for popular ladies. Miss Wright and Madame Royall go about like roaring lions—the first to devour men, the second to vilify them—and it is hard to tell which of the two is most notorious. Miss Fanny has published in the Democratic Press, a tirade against Mr. McCalla, because, forsooth, he chooses to tell her the letter with his signature, offering battle, was spurious. With the genuineness of this letter we have nothing to do, except to express a wish that the clergy would let this woman alone, and make her of less consequence than she thinks she deserves, by treating her wild chimeras with silence, or else exert the best talents that they can boast to put her *hors de combat*. She is too insidious for a common argument, and if she is worthy any, let it be a sound and final one. She says, in her letter—

"The principles I have developed have rang in the ears of a large portion of the American nation. The Free Enquirer has also an extensive and attentive perusal. The seeds I have sown as a lecturer and a writer are now germinating in the public mind. East and West, North and South, have I labored, and if life and strength remain to me I shall labor to foster the seeds I have sown. If my views be unsound, of high import it is that their error should be exposed. This nation at large are interested in the exposure, and I no less than the nation."

This is but too true; but it only proves what may be done by zeal and perseverance, coupled with unblushing effrontry. If Miss Wright will examine into the character of her converts, she will find them generally, if not altogether, among the most uneducated, or the most abandoned; we doubt whether she can produce *one* of any other character; we are *certain* she cannot produce many; and we want no better argument to impeach her whole system.

And now for Royall Madam. We have before us also a letter from this dignitary, published in the Carlisle Gazette, and dated 2d of August. She is rather less dignified than Miss Wright, and much more entertaining. *She* says—

Dear Sir—My persecutions ended yesterday—that is, I gave security to keep the peace for one year. (The opinion of the court you have no doubt seen was given some time back.) This will naturally lead you to the recollection of the runaways at Bladensburg. The people of Washington city I hope, will cease to be reproached with their flight from the former place! Let the name of *Anne Royall* henceforth take place of the *British*! The cowardice of this community ought no longer to excite wonder, since they are afraid of an *old woman*! 'Comment is unnecessary.' You can now see for yourselves, that a *religious* persecution has been commenced, which I anticipated some time since. Mine is not the only case of the kind! I have just received a letter from New York, which informs me of the imprisonment of a man in Auburn for the same cause! I hope these outrages will open the eyes of the people. I am every day receiving blackguard letters from them! Is this religion?"

ANNE ROYALL.

The address to the Jury is *too much* for us. She tells them "this is a Sunday-stop-the-mail-scheme in a new disguise," and that posterity is deeply interested in her acquittal. Truly, these are perilous times; a couple of women-kind are bouncing about the country to gain proselytes, or to gain money: and it is as much as a man's reputation is worth, to attempt to stop their tongues. These "men in female attire," may exclaim, with Selkirk,

We are monarchs of all we survey.

Madam Royall has been stopped, however, and her prototypes' "seed" will, we sincerely hope, fall by the way side, or among stones, and cease to germinate.

Miss W. having shewn symptoms in the letter we have quoted, of bearding Mr. McCalla, and of posting him for a coward, he published a reply on Tuesday, from which we take the following caustic paragraphs:

"My first letter to Miss Wright was written somewhat hastily. Soon afterwards I saw the practicability and the propriety of meeting her upon the broad ground upon which she so decidedly prefers. I am now willing to do it; but I am not sure that I can get a clergyman who is willing to come within a stone's throw of the moderator's chair. Perhaps our laymen have stronger stomachs. For my own part, I feel no qualms of the sort, at all. With the help of God and a good conscience, I am willing to defend the truth against as

many Miss Wrights as would fill our Magdalens Asylum."

She professed to think very highly of Dr. Jane-way, and to disparage Dr. Ely. Dr. J. thus expresses his sentiments respecting her, on being requested to act as moderator:

"On the present occasion I must beg leave to decline complying with your request. I should not feel any apprehension of being offended with want of decorum on your part; but I certainly should feel disgusted at the sentiments I have reason to believe would proceed from the lips of your antagonist; sentiments that cannot consist with the *modesty* and *purity* that should adorn the female character."

Calculation.—What a curious thing is calculation! When a man sees another poking a notched stick into a hogshead, and after examining his wand, marking the end of the vessel with the exact number of gallons it contains, he may be surprised if he never heard there was such a science as gaging, but he may very soon convince himself that by calculation it is all easy enough. A man used to the task, will readily calculate the number of bricks in a house, or the quantity of timber required for a ship of certain dimensions; but to calculate the number of passengers who will probably sit down to a steamboat dinner on a given day, or how much money will be taken in a week at a retail store, would seem a much more difficult operation; and yet we find that known causes operate much in the same manner, and we know that Capt. Jenkins' market-man can come very near the proper amount of food for his daily customers, and a shopkeeper can foretell by experience what will be his future receipts. A man who knows what his income is, may very prudently limit his expenses within that sum; but there is a very general lack of calculating knowledge and habit, which has led thousands into ruin. To a mechanic, the science of calculation, and a habit of strict inquiry, must be of the most beneficial character; and without it, we should say, nine times in ten he would be the loser. He undertakes a piece of work for his employer, and informs him that twenty dollars will be the cost. He finishes his work, and his bill amounts to thirty-five. His customer is dissatisfied; and when next he wants a piece of work executed, he thinks it right to employ somebody else, who will do him justice. Who that has had occasion to employ a carpenter, a bricklayer, or any similar architect, has not been served as we have stated, and who that has been so treated has not been mortified, as well as provoked. What is the remedy for this all pervading disease? Certainly, nothing more is wanting than knowledge of calculation. We see a master builder contract to build a house for an exact sum, and most of them make money by the contract; they are able to tell exactly the number of bricks and the quantity of timber required; and it is this knowledge of figures which has enabled them to rise to the head of their profession, added to industrious habits and an economical disposition; and we venture to say, without it they never could have become independent. We took occasion the other day to recommend the pleasing art of Drawing to artisans of all classes, and we trust, we have now placed the subject of Calculation in its proper light. The merchant without calculation is sure to come to ruin, and the want of it has been the cause of thousands of all grades being dependent. Its effects are so visible, that no person who requires its aid (and who does not?) should rest satisfied until he is master of its difficulties; and a man should as soon undertake business without it, as let a favorite son grow up without knowing that two and two make four. Here endeth our chapter on calculation: the effects of which, we calculate, will be useful to those who will calculate to profit by it.

Getting along!—It is very hard for an honest man to get along now-a-days, said a veteran grumbler lately to his companion. "Not at all," was the reply, "by taking stages and steamboats, an honest man can get along quite as fast as a rogue, but he must take care, or he will be robbed."

Interesting.—The Freehold, N.J. Enquirer says: "New Jersey, although one of the smallest states in the Union, is still one of the most wealthy in internal resources, and the productions of nature; there is not a county in the state but abounds in rich

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fertile land, adapted to the production of almost any species of grain, or grass, or fruit, that can be found anywhere in the same climate."

Observations on Ignis Fatuus.—Under this title, we have placed on another page an interesting article from the last number of Silliman's Journal. It furnishes a pleasing solution to the far-famed Jack-a-lantern, which has given old women and children so many fearful tales, and been the casual theme of poets in all ages.

The Journal of Professor Silliman, we may observe by the way, is languishing for want of patronage. It has, for eleven years, sustained the scientific character of this country, without affording the Editor, at any time, more than barely enough to pay for the expense of printing it. We sincerely hope the late appeal to its friends will be the means of establishing it upon a permanent basis.

Silk.—Mr. D'Hommergue has concluded his very able, and highly interesting essays on the growth and manufacture of silk, in which he has demonstrated that the business is entirely in its infancy as regards practical knowledge, but he says, "It is certain, however, that sooner or later, the United States are destined to be a rich silk growing and silk manufacturing country. The fulfilment of this high destiny may be retarded, but nothing can prevent its taking place at some future time."

Journal of Health.—We have received and examined with some care the first number of a semi-monthly journal, which has just appeared in this city. It is got up, as to typographical execution, in very handsome style, each number to contain sixteen octavo pages. Although the articles are not written in that easy, pleasant manner, which distinguishes the contributors for the Boston Medical Intelligencer, yet they are calculated to do quite as much good, are free from technicalities, and adapted to the comprehension of every reader. Under the care of an association of Physicians, such a work is capable of doing much good, and should be extensively patronised. The subscription price, \$1.25 per year, places it within the reach of all classes. Mr. Dobson, 108 Chestnut Street, is the publisher.

Steamboating.—Since the price of Sunday excursions to Burlington, Bristol, and Bordentown, has been reduced, it seems as if the boats were literally deluged with passengers, who crowd upon each other until it has become almost impossible for any of them to be comfortably accommodated with a seat. The thing may now be said to be at the height. Three boats leave the wharves on Sunday for "up the river," one at seven, one at half past seven, and one at two o'clock, each carrying a full share of citizens, who, being penned up all the week at their various occupations, are glad to breathe the fresh air, and view the green fields. To a person who contemplates human nature, and human feelings, the scene in one of these floating houses is full of interest, and an anti-Sunday-excursionist will be surprised that, in all this motley company, so much order and so much civility prevails; not a harsh word is to be heard, nor is a blow struck, and very rarely is a man to be seen overcome with liquor. Those who are able every day in the year to visit the country if they choose, cannot at all appreciate the delight with which a laborer sniffs up the country air, and revisits in imagination the pleasant hay fields among which his youth was passed; he feels the poetry of life return with his youthful feelings; contemplates his past journey through time; reflects upon his future prospects; recruits his spirits, and comes home to the sober realities of every day life, a soberer and a better man. There are those who thus make a Sunday trip an excuse for great dissipation of mind, and come back worse than they departed; but the same effect is produced on those who stay at home, and the fact that such is the case with a few, forms no argument against the general rule which we lay down, that an orderly Sunday excursion is a good thing.

The London correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says, there is no probability of the loan being obtained in England for the prosecution of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. We thought it

very unlikely to succeed when the project of sending over an agent was first broached.

Suicides—im-purity of publishing them.—We stated our opinion, some months ago, as being decidedly hostile to the practice so common among American Editors, of giving such wide and indiscriminate circulation to the most horrible accounts of suicides. The fondness which some of the daily papers of this city manifest for narratives of this kind, is dreadfully disgusting. Not content with hunting up and republishing every shocking tale of self-murder which they find in the cloud of newspapers which swarm throughout the country, they ransack the columns of the English journals, and pick out, with an eagerness truly sickening, the foulest instances of suicide which mercenary reporters furnish up to gratify the vicious appetites of a people who look upon such reading as the life and soul of a newspaper. They are not aware of the serious injury they thus inflict upon society, or this course would not be pursued. It has long been the opinion of the soundest medical men, that the sympathetic feeling which exists in the minds of persons disposed to suicide, is so unconquerably strong, that nothing is more certain to occasion one to cut his throat, or to swallow laudanum, than seeing the story of another having succeeded in his attempt at self-destruction—especially if dressed off in all the pompous and glowing drapery of language which Editors adopt in relating the fact. We have been told by a most worthy physician of this city, whose extensive practice for thirty years past has afforded him many patients to whom he had been called to save them from attempts upon their lives, that more than one, when recovering from the effects of the deadly dose, had solemnly assured him the only incentive to take away his own life existed in reading the account of another's having succeeded. Hence, as these narratives of suicides are spread abroad through the country by means of newspapers, they meet the eye of persons disposed to commit the same crime, and who are thus furnished with the principal exciting cause. It is not contended by any one that the publication of such acts is beneficial as a warning to others, nor in fact as a warning of any kind. It frequently happens that circumstances calculated to attract a morbid curiosity, attend their commission, such as that the suicide was rich, or that no visible cause was known to induce the act; and thus, with no motive worth assigning either for the crime, or for its publication, it is spread before the world in all the disgusting minutia which some Editors think necessary to give life and animation to their columns.

In contending as we do, that it is the absolute duty of an Editor who is anxious to promote the common welfare of society, (and no one will deny that he is as much bound as men of other professions,) or who has any respect for the delicacy of his readers, (many of whom must be females,) to suppress the shocking narratives we have mentioned, we have fortified ourselves with solid arguments, and challenge their refutation from any quarter whatever. In addition to the expressed opinions of respectable physicians, that one suicide is frequently the cause of another, we invite attention to the following fact, against which there can be no argument. We find it in the New York Journal of Commerce—

"*Coroner's Inquest.*—An inquest was held early on Monday morning, on the body of William Rider, a mechanic, who was found dead in the house 148 Forsyth-street. From the testimony before the Coroner, it appeared that the deceased had been for some time past in a very irregular state of mind, and that about six o'clock on Sunday afternoon he had taken one ounce of laudanum and half an ounce of arsenic. It was also shown that on the first of August he made an attempt to destroy himself, but owing to the arrival of medical gentlemen, his life was for the time preserved. The Jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from having taken poison.

"While Mr. Colvill, the Coroner, was engaged investigating this affair, an elderly man, named Samuel Sanford, was present, and observed that it was his opinion the deceased must be very happy. He soon afterwards left the room, and returned to his home, which was in the next house. The following morning he was discovered in his room suffering the greatest agony. A physician was sent for, but before he could arrive, the vital spark had

flown. From the evidence it was shown that the deceased, on his return from the inquest, had shut himself up in his room, and swallowed two ounces of laudanum. He was 61 years of age."

Here now is fact coming in to corroborate opinion. The only difference in this case is, that the second suicide saw the success of the first, instead of hearing of it. But how powerfully must the nerves of a third person, already predisposed, be effected by the report of two such dreadful cases? We marvel, indeed, that the Editors of the Journal of Commerce, men who stand foremost, as Editors in the cause of virtue, temperance, and religion, should give publicity to so horrible a case. Indeed, even in giving utterance to our opinions on this subject, we fear we have gone farther than our ideas of propriety ought to carry us. But we have the satisfaction of uttering our solemn protest against the practice now so common. We might almost say that our contemporaries have no right to publish the accounts of suicides—for they put weapons into the hands of weak men, by which they destroy themselves. It is seldom, and then only through inadvertency, that our columns are polluted into a record of this unnatural crime, and so they ever shall be, so long as we possess the means and faculties to control them.

French and English.—A few weeks since we published a letter from a French gentleman, who was sadly provoked, as well as mortified, at the difficulties he met with in learning to pronounce such words as *plough*, *through*, &c. His letter was ludicrous in the extreme. A difficulty in our language occurs also from the circumstance that we use the same word to express totally different things. Take the word *box* for instance, and examine into how many phrases it may be thrown. We say "*box* the compass;" *box* is room in an oyster cellar; pepper *box*; clothes *box*; *box* at the theatre; *box* of pills; coachman's *box*; coal *box*; post office *box*; *box* coat; *box* of a coach wheel; country *box*; shooting *box*; *box* tree; *box* wood; snuff *box*; *box*ing match; *box* on the ear; wrong *box*; christmas *box*; band-*box*; and it might be added that some people by their stupidity and idleness get themselves into a pretty *box*.

Turn Out.—To those who read political papers of the present day, the words "turn out" are familiar, and the frequency with which they meet our eyes, has induced us to consider their import as affecting the sympathies of our nature. There are no two words in the language which act so forcibly in exciting our compassion. There is in them a melancholy cadence, beautifully corresponding with the sadness of the idea which they express; they awaken in a moment the tenderest recollections, and the most anxious forebodings; there is in them a charm which influences alike all ages and all dispositions; the church, the bar, the senate, are all comprised in the range of their operation, and in no rank of life shall we find the man who can meditate without a feeling of depression on the consequences of the simple words "turn out." Mr. Kenney has written a comedy called "Turn out," but in spite of the ingenuity of the author, humanity, and its attendant prejudices, revolt from the scene which endeavors to raise a laugh by a parody of so melancholy a topic.

It is not difficult to account for the pensive feelings which are excited by these words. They recall forcibly to our minds the uncertainty of all human concerns. They bid us think, that from power, from affluence, from happiness, we may be "turned out" at a minute's warning; they whisper to us that the lease of life is held on a precarious tenure, subject to the will of a Providence which we can neither control nor even foresee, and convince us of the desponding expression of the Psalmist: "Man is but a thing of nought; his time passeth away like a shadow."

Let us trace for a moment the character and events of one of our early friends. His father was always calculating he would "turn out" a great man, and yet the poor fellow did nothing but turn out a poor fellow. At fourteen he turned out with a sailor, who turned out one of his eyes; at seventeen he was turned out of school; and at three and twenty he was turned out of his father's will; at four-and-twenty he was turned out of a tandem;

and at five-and-twenty was turned out of an office, procured by the turn out of a much better officer; at six-and-twenty he was turned out of the affections of his mistress, and lost his last hope; at seven-and-twenty he was turned out of a gaming house, where he lost his last dollar; and was finally turned out of the almshouse after a recovery from a loathsome disease. What a pity that some politician did not make use of his estimable experience, to collect some instructions on the art of turning out; for surely no two things are more difficult than the giving or receiving a dismissal, as late events have exemplified. To go through the one with civility, and the other with temper and firmness, is indeed rare talent, which every man who seeks an office should endeavor to attain, because the revolutions of party and the wheel of fortune are ever moving.

The Streets.—The annexed remarks from the London New Monthly Magazine for July, apply with some, though abated force, to the streets of Philadelphia and New York. A stranger to the city lately asked a friend of ours, why he did not stop and speak to those whom he appeared to know, as was the custom in the country.

"There is a great art in walking the streets of London: the country man is a long while before he gets into the practice, and his awkwardness, in this respect, is one of the marks by which he is very readily distinguished, even if he have doffed his country-cut coat and hat, and imagines that he is altogether one of the "right sort." How quickly will a pickpocket fix him in his eye, and keep close to his heels in a crowd for a whole street together! The habit of gazing at the shop windows, and at every trifling novelty in the great thoroughfares, and the want of that utter indifference to every thing but the objects towards which he is journeying, distinguishes the indigenous individual from the stranger in the street. The genuine Londoner is an absent man in the most crowded parts of the city. He proceeds on his way coolly, casting up his bills in his mind, arranging to-morrow's business, or projecting new schemes of profit, as unmoved and abstracted as if he were walking alone across a desert. He never jostles those he meets either right or left, but proceeds along, clear of porters and draymen, gliding with the current of vitality that flows on his own way at the general rate, nor breaking in upon the counter-marchers who face him in a continued stream; he could peruse a book or a newspaper uninterruptedly during his progress from Charing-cross to the India-house, in the midst of thousands, undisturbing and undisturbed—his habitual ease in such circumstances being the distinguishing trait of his character. The sojourner of the provinces, on the other hand, when visiting the metropolis, is sadly puzzled to steer clear of the multitudes he meets. There is a story of one of them on record, who, coming into Fleet-street, from a cross court, mounted the step of a door at noon-day, to wait, as he said, "until the people coming out of church had gone by." It is scarcely credible to a Londoner, but there are well authenticated instances of temporary madless in persons bred up in the privacy and solitude of remote county villages, from being left alone and getting bewildered in the streets of the metropolis."

Perpetual Motion.—To those who remember Redheffer's celebrated Perpetual Motion, the following notice will be received with some degree of caution:

From the New York Courier.—"I have just been to see Mr. Richard Van Dyke's 'Perpetual Motion,' at Morse's Coffee House, in Park Row. This worthy inventor has succeeded so far as to perfect a machine, the motion of which will be as perpetual as the materials of which the machine is made. It will be seen at once that its power may be increased to any desirable extent, and may be applied to many valuable purposes. It is truly a great discovery, and its simplicity is such that the beholder is astonished that he had not before discovered it himself. There is, indeed there can be, no deception about it.

Carrier Pigeons.—We find the following interesting notice of the result of an experiment on the speed of the Carrier Pigeon in a late English paper—

"The steamboat which arrived yesterday from Rotterdam, has brought the result of the Maestricht wagers, the principal of which has been lost, though only by a few minutes, as one of the pigeons did not arrive in six hours and a quarter from the time of leaving England, and this in spite of a continued heavy rain, which fell during the whole time. The minor wagers have been won, the second pigeon arriving in seven hours, the third in seven hours and ten minutes, the fourth in sev-

en hours and a half, and in four days, more than 20 of the pigeons had reached Maestricht. The experiment is an exceedingly interesting one, as illustrating the instincts of this remarkable bird, and a repetition of it is, it is said, shortly to take place. The first pigeon must have travelled, assuming that it took a straight line, at the rate of 45 miles an hour.

Letters from Washington.—Our faithful chronicler of the times, who favored us during the last session of Congress with occasional letters, having left the capital, we are thrown upon the daily press for news from thence, which has lately been so exclusively of a deep political cast that we have been compelled to let it alone. We now learn that the President has returned from the *Rip Raps* in improved health. The annexed letters are such a contrast to each other, as scarcely to deserve being placed in the same column, but will be found interesting to all our readers.

Extract of a letter from Washington.

I yesterday attended the sale of furniture belonging to Senor Rebello, the Brazilian Charge d' Affaires, which, notwithstanding the lowering clouds and dense atmosphere, was fully and fashionably attended; the sale commenced in the kitchen; as usual, some delicacy pervaded the minds, and bridled the tongues of those present, and it was a length of time before a bid could be obtained; the first bid for any kitchen utensil was invariably "25 cents," and gradually advanced; at length, during a pause after the auctioneer's usual enquiry "what shall we begin with?" a sepulchral voice exclaimed "25 cents"—the attention to the spot whence it was supposed to proceed, was immediately drawn, but all faces were indicative of surprise, it appeared nobody had spoken; again the auctioneer exclaimed, "what shall I say for the article?" a pause ensued, and "25 cents" was again repeated; "who bids?" cried hammer: not a soul replied; well, said he, we'll go on with "25 cents," and he continued; and the thing was running up and stopped at 45 cents, when, to the utter astonishment of all present, the same hollow tone exclaimed "fifty." "Great Heavens!" exclaimed the ladies, "what can it be? the house is haunted!" The gentlemen declared it "wonderous strange," and were all about leaving the premises, when the auctioneer asked "no more?" He was replied by an echo from the old spot, "no more," then it was, and not until that moment, we discovered a huge *parrot*, who, although generally speaking the Portuguese language, had caught a few words in English from frequent repetition of the hammering knight, and imitated his words. This, as you may readily imagine, dispelled the previous alarm; and caused a universal roar of laughter, and the busy hum of the scene was not unfrequently broken afterwards by Poll's bids, who, although she did not contribute much to the profit of her master, afforded a great deal of merriment to the idlers and purchasers of the day, and there was not one present who wished her seized with the *cynanche parotidum*.

It is not every day that we meet with as good a story as the following, taken from a Dublin paper, and we therefore find a place for it in our editorial columns. Paddy is not the only man who has had to take "notes," when he expected cash with his bride.

An Irish Bargain.—The children of Paddy's land are not less remarkably felicitous than ever for the union of blundering and ingenuity in their intercourse with each other and the rest of the world. A recent and novel incident at Leighlinbridge gives a new testimony to the fact. A maiden resident in that parish—gay and hearty was she, but weary of single blessedness—had the rumor circulated, that the lad of her choice could have £10 with her hand. She was comely in person, and agreeable in temper, a fortune in herself, as all the country said. A neighbor's son was moved with the rumor; he knew Nanny; cottedton to her; made his bow and proposals together; and was accepted as her darling. But the lass was, with other good qualities, candid; and hinted, before the priest was put in requisition, that her fortune had become by £4 the "worse for the wear." "Awkward enough," says Pat, "what's to be done?" "Ah!" sighed Nan, laying her dimpled cheek so lovingly on her swain's, "it's a long lane that has no turn; I'll give you my note, love, for the deficiency." "Cushlameachree, that's the cut!" replied Pat; and, imprinting a *buss* upon his Nanny's lips, got the knot fastened that evening."

Take care of your tongues.—A case of Slander came before the Supreme Court at Milledgeville, Georgia, at its recent sitting, in which George W. Murray, Cashier of the Darien Bank, obtained a verdict of nine thousand dollars and costs, against Major John H. Jones. The Major's tongue has proved a costly domestic utensil.

Matrimony.—The newspapers occasionally send forth notices calling for husbands and wives, tho' not to the extent, nor with the delicate refinement which distinguishes similar announcements in the English Journals. They understand these things better in London than we do here, as the business of writing such paragraphs, pathetic obituary notices, &c. is quite a trade of itself: and those who follow it must be supposed to arrive at greater perfection than those who undertake it only occasionally, and then mostly for amusement. The contrast between a novice and a veteran hand is strongly shown in the two advertisements which follow. The first is taken from a late number of the New York Evening Post, and is no doubt entirely genuine:

"Wasted, by a gentleman from the south, 27 years of age, of middle size, moderate fortune, good health, kind disposition, domestic habits, and possessing other qualifications calculated to make a lady happy, and intends to reside in this city for the future, a Wife, from 18 to 25 years of age, of middle size, good health, kind disposition, good common sense, domestic habits, agreeable manners, and respectable connexions. If this should meet the views of any lady possessing the above qualities, wishing to change her situation, by addressing a note to C. H. at the Post Office, New York, stating where an interview may be had, or how a written correspondence may be kept up, it will be attended to.—NB. The strictest secrecy will be expected and observed."

The annexed, which bears every evidence of a finished workman, is from the London Morning Chronicle. The writer should have been well paid for the job, as he handles his tools with the expertise of a master:

HOLY MATRIMONY.—An Evangelical Clergyman, 29 years of age, who has had the benefit of a University education, but who is without fortune as well as hope of preferment, is desirous of meeting a help-meet for him, of congenial religious views, not older than himself, possessed of an agreeable person, and a certain income of at least £300 a year. Vanity apart, the advertiser believes he is considered handsome; and he solemnly pledges his word that his temper will be invariably found good, and his disposition kind and obliging. Should it be objected that he is a fortune-hunter, he begs leave to observe, that he looks upon wealth, (in a relative point of view,) with the utmost indifference—it is solely because he deprecates the cruelty of bringing a deserving female into embarrassing circumstances, that he wishes to marry one who has a fortune; and he has recourse to the unpleasant expedient of a public advertisement, because the retired and contracted sphere in which he moves at present does not furnish one who possesses all the qualifications which in his case are desirable. Indeed, the fact that a curate's pittance would afford him a comfortable subsistence—if he could find happiness in the gloomy satisfaction of *eating his morsel alone*—he apprehends is sufficient to exculpate him from an imputation as unjust as it is illiberal. A young lady of the above description, who prefers the solid enjoyments of religion and domestic happiness to the frothy pleasures of gaiety and dissipation, and who is willing to give her hand, and her heart in it, (provided, after an interview a mutual attachment appears likely to be formed,) to the man who would make it his study to enhance her joys and alleviate her sorrows, may rest assured that the present advertisement is worthy of her notice.—Finally and positively, and at the risk of incurring the charge of arrogance, the advertiser declares he would not marry the richest heiress of Europe, if she did not possess personal and mental accomplishments sufficient to inspire him with that most noble and disinterested of all passions, which he conceives to be essential to conubial felicity, and which neither wealth can create nor poverty destroy. Reference for testimonials of character will be given, if required, to two or more clergymen, of established piety and respectability. The strictest honor and secrecy may be relied on. A letter, post paid, appointing an interview, addressed to the Rev. A. B. to the care of —, will meet with prompt and respectful attention."

The Virginia Game Cock.—There are some stories which read well, but do not tell well, and there are others which tell well, but do not answer to print; but the following, which we find in the Baltimore Minerva & Emerald, has the rare merit of answering admirably for either purpose:

It was in the year 18—, that I was bound for the Havana, in the brig *Evening Star*, when we had lost sight of the capes, that a large eagle lit upon our yard arm. The sailors seeing him, let him remain until after dark, when one of the men, taking a large bag with him, went out upon the yard, and succeeded in flinging it over him, so as to prevent his biting, and tying the bag at one end, secured him until the following morning, when he was ta-

ken from the bag, and his wings clipped and trimmed in such a manner as to prevent his escape. He was always fed well by the men in the forecastle, and at last became quite domesticated, and was a great favorite of the captain. He played a great many tricks to the great annoyance of the pigs on board, for any thing in the pigs' mess he would have if he took a liking to it; he was the terror of his bristly companions to such a degree, that if a pig showed his snout on the quarter deck, he was sure to "go the whole hog" on him. This very much pleased the captain, for when pigs are let loose on board ship, they are very troublesome.

The day after we arrived at Havana, the captain, with several more Americans, visited a cock-pit, to have some sport. The captain bet several times, but invariably lost. At length he offered to bet five hundred dollars that he had a Virginia game cock on board that would kill any cock on the island. Of course he was soon taken up, and they pitched for the fight, which was to be three days after. Accordingly, on leaving the pit, he led his companions into the secret, and proposed to them to go snacks, and throw in to make up the bet. The captain also went around to the American captains in the port, and told them of the hoax, advising them to bet on the Virginia game cock, if they wanted to win a stake or two. The captain then returned on board, and had the eagle trimmed as cocks generally are for a fight: all his feathers on the neck—which are called the cow feathers on a chicken, in consequence of their letting them fall when they are beaten, or as is termed, cowed. He had them a little more trimmed off his wings, and in fine, disfigured him in such a manner that very few could have told it was an eagle. He was then cooped and put upon short allowance, so as to whet his appetite for the coming battle.

The news spread all over the Havana, and many flocked to see the fight between the Virginia and Spanish cocks, and bets were made to considerable amount. When the day of battle came, the eagle was conveyed to the scene of action in the same bag in which he was caught. The time of pitting the cocks arrived, and two men stepped out, who were to pit the cocks, for neither party were permitted to pit their own chickens; the man on the opposite side produced one of the large Spanish breed, and fixed the heels on him. The man who was to pit the captain's cock, was about preparing a large pair of heels, when the captain told him not to trouble himself for he fought his cock without gaffs. The captain's bird was taken from the sack, and was received with surprise by the beholders, but the Spaniard said his cock would gaff him the first fly. The Spanish cock made a fly at the eagle, and pricked him with his heels pretty smartly, which raised his ferocity, which was very high before for want of food. He cast a look of disdain on his adversary, and the next fly the game Spaniard made at him, he seized him with his talons by the breast and wing, and in an instant tore him to pieces! The fame of the Virginia game cock was raised so high, that the captain, before he left the place, sold him for the amount of the money equal to the bet.

SPUN YARN.

The value of houses in Washington City has increased within the five years past, from \$2,198,067 to \$2,912,583.

FOR THE ARIEL. CAPTAIN HALL'S TRAVELS.

We were amused with the affectation of "dear old Franklin." Dear old Abraham [or any other patriarch] would be as proper, unless Hall was a personal acquaintance of Franklin's, which we scarcely believe.

Captain Hall complains of our want of sympathy for England, "who single handed had so long to sustain the drooping cause of freedom;" and ascribes it to our democracy, to our celebration of independence, and to our school books, which give "a full, true, and particular account of the angry dispute" at the time of our revolution. The Captain appears proud of the ignorance of the English respecting this country, and of which he may take a large share for himself, but a more philosophical inquirer would have found other causes than "old recollections." It has been shrewdly remarked that a slight trace of hostility in the sufferer is destructive of sympathy; and what sympathy could Britain expect from those whom she plundered and enslaved on the ocean, or who were scalped and driven from their homes at the instigation of her emissaries? I have always been an advocate for peace, but no man could live in this country, and not observe the irritation of these causes on the people.

Captain Hall is "surprised at the profundity of [our] ignorance" respecting England; and with this decision, any thing but an incorrigible republican

might be satisfied; but the Captain's word will be of doubtful currency, unless he can shew that he and his countrymen have sources of information which to us are closed. Would he make us believe that new discoveries in science, in the arts, or in any department of knowledge, are known to them as a nation, and concealed from us? We have individuals amongst us who know the rocks that underlay their island—the soils that cover them—their indigenous and cultivated plants—the animals that feed on them—and their inhabitants that fatten or that starve; who appreciate and admire the merits of her distinguished sons, and the virtues of her middle ranks; and who deplore the vices, the squalid poverty, and the ignorance of her many myriads besides.

"But the *Americans* proclaim their perfect acquaintance with England." What *Americans*? The whole nation? or only a part? Well, let that pass; but there is nothing to prevent certain individuals of our people from acquiring as perfect an acquaintance with England, as the English themselves can acquire;—who converse with her people both at home and abroad—who see on her own shores all that light reveals to the traveller, and who read all that their teeming press sends forth: and why should we not become acquainted with England? But the Captain says we can't.

"We are perfectly conscious that we know nothing about" [the *Americans*.] Perhaps; and therefore cannot be expected to know who invented Hadley's Quadrant? Who first drew lightning from the clouds? Who invented the screw auger? Who first melted the infusible substances of the chemists? Or who first modelled the steamboat? Such ignorance is very convenient to those who pirate American Inventions.

"Positively," says Hall, "I never once saw any thing during my stay in that country, approaching what we call a 'flirtation.'" This innocence becomes a moral and virtuous people; what then are we to think of him who designed it for a censure?

"The eternal recollections of all the past quarrels between us, in which, probably for want of any other history, they indulge." This false and ungenerous insinuation shews at once the shape and jaundiced complexion of Hall's mind. No intelligent traveller can become acquainted with the average class of our citizens in private life, and not know that the works of the best historians are within their reach, and within their libraries.

"In the ordinary business of their lives—I mean their busy, money making, electioneering lives—the Americans have little or no time for companionship, that I could ever see or hear of, with the women." Another Englishman, who had several years more of time in this country to see and hear of such things, says, however, that "In no part of this whole world are the women so kindly and so respectfully treated by the men as in America. No country on earth will bear a comparison with America." National traits of character must be ascribed to some general cause. Poverty and hardship, like the rigors of the polar zone, are not genial to the growth of generosity and kindness; and the most numerous classes in Europe suffer oppressions unknown in our land.

The extracts presented in the last Saturday Bulletin, (from which these morsels are selected,) will place Hall very low in the list of candid travellers and close observers; but I am willing to admit some slight claims to this character. His declaration of the uniform decorum of our citizens at church, is candid; and his notice of our smoking, chewing, and spitting, our leaning back on chairs, and the lolling of some of our legislators with their feet pointing to the heavens, is no exaggeration.

9 mo. 8, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend, "O. T. R." of Chillicothe, Ohio, is informed that the *ARIEL* has been regularly sent to him, directed "Gazette, Pr." A copy was due to him, and we hope has reached him by this time.

The enclosure from "E. C. of Gen. co. N. Y." is received. We wish the other enclosures were equally well fitted to appear in print. At present, we must decline inserting them, as they are foreign to the nature and objects of our publication.

SCIENCE.

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.

Instructions respecting the best form, &c. of Lightning Rods, extracted from a Memoir of M. Gay-Lussac.

The most advantageous form that can be given to lightning rods appears evidently to be that of a very sharp cone; and the higher it is elevated in the air, other circumstances being the same, the more its efficacy will be increased, as is clearly proved by the experiments with electrical kites, made by MM. de Roma and Charles.

It has not been accurately ascertained how far the sphere of action of a lightning rod extends, but, in several instances, the more remote parts of large buildings on which they have been erected, have been struck by lightning at the distance of three or four times the length of the conductor from the rod. It is calculated by M. Charles, that a lightning rod will effectually protect a circular space, whose radius is twice the height of the conductor; and they are now attached to buildings according to this principle.

A current of electric matter, whether luminous or not, is always accompanied by heat, the intensity of which depends on the velocity of the current. This heat is sufficient to make a wire red-hot, or to fuse or disperse it, if sufficiently slender; but it scarcely raises the temperature of a bar of metal, on account of its large mass. It is by the heat of the electric current, as well as by that disengaged from the air, condensed by the passage of the lightning through it, when not conveyed by a good conductor, that buildings struck by it are frequently set on fire.

No instance has yet occurred of an iron bar, of rather more than half an inch square, or of a cylinder of the same diameter, having been fused or even heated red hot by lightning. A bar of this size would, therefore, be sufficient for a lightning rod, but as its stem ought to rise from 15 to 20 feet above the building, it would not be strong enough to resist the action of the wind, unless the lower part were made much thicker.

An iron bar, about three quarters of an inch square, is sufficient for conductors. It might even be made still smaller, and consist merely of a wire, provided it be connected at the surface of the ground with a bar of metal, about half an inch square, immersed in water, or a moist soil. The wire, indeed, would pretty certainly be dispersed by the lightning, but it would direct it to the ground, and protect the surrounding objects from the stroke. However, it is always better to make the conductor so large as not to be destroyed by the stroke; and the only motive for substituting a wire for a stout bar is the saving in point of expense.

The noise of the thunder generally occasions much alarm, although the danger is then passed; it is over indeed on the appearance of the lightning, for any one struck by it neither sees the flash nor hears the report. The noise is never heard till after the flash, and its distance may be estimated at so many times 1136 feet as there are seconds between the appearance of the lightning and the sound of the thunder.

Lightning often strikes solitary trees, because, rising to a great height, and burying their roots deep in the soil, they are true lightning rods, and they are often fatal to the individuals who seek them for shelter; since they do not convey the lightning with sufficient rapidity to the ground, and are worse conductors than men and animals. When the lightning reaches the foot of the tree, it divides itself among the neighboring conductors, or strikes some in preference to others, according to circumstances, and sometimes it has been known to kill every animal that had sought shelter under the tree; at others, only a single one out of many has perished by the stroke.

A lightning rod, on the contrary, well connected with the ground, is a certain security against the effects of lightning, which will never leave it to strike a person at its foot, though it would not be prudent to station one's self close to it, for fear of some accidental break in the conductor, or of its not being in perfect communication with the ground.

When lightning strikes a house, it usually falls on the chimneys, either from their being the most elevated parts, or because they are lined with soot, which is a better conductor than dry wood, stone, or brick. The neighborhood of the fire-place is consequently the most insecure spot in a room during a thunder storm. It is best to station one's self in a corner opposite the windows, at a distance from every article of iron or other metal of any considerable size.

Persons are often struck by lightning without being killed, and others have been wholly saved from injury by silk dresses, which serve to insulate the body, and prevent the access of the electric matter.

The stem, or part of the rod above the building, should be a square bar of iron, tapering from its base to the summit, in the form of a pyramid. For a height of from 20 to 30 feet, which is the mean

length of the stems placed on large buildings, the base should be about 2½ inches square.

Iron being exposed to rust by the action of the air and moisture, the point of the stem is liable to become blunt; to prevent this, a portion is cut off from the upper end, about 20 inches in length, and replaced by a conical stem of brass or copper, gilt at its extremity, or terminated by a small platinum needle, two inches long.* The platinum needle should be soldered with silver solder to the copper stem; and to prevent its separating from it, which might sometimes happen, notwithstanding the solder, it is secured by a small collar of copper. The copper stem is united to the iron one by means of a gudgeon, which screws into each. If the gilding of the point cannot easily be performed on the spot, nor the platinum readily obtained, they may both be dispensed with without any inconvenience, and a plain conical copper stem only be employed. Copper does not rust to any considerable depth in the air, and even if the point becomes somewhat blunt, the rod will not thereby lose its efficacy.

Below the stem, three inches from the roof, is a cap, soldered to the body of the stem, and intended to throw off the rain water, which would flow down the stem, and tend to injure the building.

Immediately above the cap, the stem is rounded for about two inches, to receive a split collar, with a hinge and two ears, between which the extremity of the conductor of the lightning rod is fixed by a bolt. Instead of the collar, we may make use of a square stirrup, embracing the stem closely. The stem of the lightning rod is fixed on the roof of buildings, according to circumstances. If it is to be placed above a rafter, the ridge must be pierced with a hole, through which the foot of the stem passes, and is steadily fixed against the king-post by means of several clamps. This disposition is very firm, and should be preferred, if the circumstances admit of it.

If the stem be fixed on the ridge, a square hole must be made through it of the same dimensions as the foot of the stem; and above and below we fix, by means of bolts, or two bolted stirrups, which embrace and draw the ridge together, two iron plates about three quarters of an inch thick, each having a hole corresponding to that in the wood-work. The stem rests by a small collet on the upper plate, against which it is strongly pressed by a nut, made to screw on the end of the stem against the lower plate.

Lastly, if the lightning rod is to be fixed on a vaulted roof, it should be terminated by three or four feet of spurs, which must be soldered into the stone, with lead, in the usual manner.

The lower part of the conductor should be an iron bar or rod, about three quarters of an inch thick, reaching from the bottom of the stem to the ground. It should be firmly united to the stem by means of a collar, screw, or bolt, and its several parts should be connected together in a similar manner. After penetrating into the ground for about two feet, it should be bent at right angles to the wall of the building, and after being carried in that direction for twelve or fifteen feet, it should be made to communicate with a well, drain, aqueduct, or permanently moist earth. If the soil be dry, it should extend to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet; and to secure it from rust, it should be surrounded with charcoal, which is indestructible, and which, while it preserves the iron, facilitates the passage of the electricity into the ground by its conducting property.

Both the bottom and top of a lightning rod are sometimes made to terminate in several branches, and its efficacy is thus increased. It is also recommended to connect with the lightning rod any large masses of iron that may be in the building, as metal pipes, and gutters, iron braces, &c.; without this precaution the lightning might strike from the lightning rod to the metal, especially if there happened to be any interruptions in the former, and thus occasion serious injury to the building, and danger to its inhabitants.

In the case of powder magazines, the lightning rod should not be attached to the building, but to poles eight or ten feet from it. If the building be large several should be used, arranged according to the rule, that a lightning rod may be considered as protecting a circular space whose radius is twice the height of the rod.* If the magazine be in a tower, or other very lofty building, it may be sufficient to defend it by a double copper conductor without any stem. As the influence of this conductor will not extend beyond the building, it cannot attract the lightning from a distance, and yet it will protect the magazine, should the lightning happen to fall upon it.

In the case of a vessel, the stem may consist merely of the copper point already described. It should be screwed on an iron rod, rising above the topgallant mast, and connected, by means of a hook or ring at its other extremity, with a metallic rope extending to the water or copper sheathing of the vessel. Large ships should be provided with two con-

* Instead of a platinum needle, one of standard silver may be substituted, composed of nine parts of silver and one of copper.

ductors, one on the main mast and one on the mizzen mast.

The experience of fifty years demonstrates that, when constructed with the requisite care, lightning rods effectually secure the buildings on which they are placed, from being injured by lightning. In the United States, where thunder storms are more frequent and more formidable than they are in Europe, their use is become general; a great number of buildings have been struck, and scarcely two are quoted as not having been saved from danger. The apprehension of the more frequent fall of lightning on buildings provided with lightning rods is unfounded, for their influence extends to too small a distance to justify the idea that they determine the lightning of an electric cloud to discharge itself on the spot where they are erected. On the contrary, it appears certain, from observation, that buildings furnished with lightning rods are not more frequently struck than formerly. Besides, the property of a lightning rod to attract the lightning, must also imply that of transmitting it freely to the ground, and hence no danger can arise as to the safety of the building.

We have recommended the use of sharp points for lightning rods, as having an advantage over bars rounded at the extremity, by continually pouring off into the air, whilst under the influence of a thunder cloud, a current of electric matter in a contrary state to that of the cloud, which must probably have some effect towards neutralizing the state of the latter. This advantage must by no means be neglected, for it is sufficient to know the power of points, as the experiments of M. Charles and M. Roma with a kite flown under a thunder cloud, to be convinced that if sharp pointed lightning rods were placed in considerable numbers on lofty places, they would actually diminish the electric matter of the clouds, and the frequency of the fall of lightning on the surface of the earth. However, if the point of a conductor should be blunted by lightning, or any other cause, we are not to suppose, because it has lost the property we have mentioned, that it has also become ineffectual to protect the building. Dr. Rittenhouse relates that, having often examined the extremities of the lightning rods in Philadelphia, where they are very general, with an excellent telescope, he observed many whose points had been fused; but he never found that the houses on which they were erected had in consequence been struck by lightning.

From the Scioto Republican.

THE ODD HALF CENT.—Mr. Editor, do you ever deal in half pennies? Believe me, sir, of all the perplexities of dealing, however extensive or limited, I find that this odd half cent produces the worst. A customer pops the question, "how do you sell eggs?" "Two for a cent," is the reply. My customer wants a shilling's worth—I count them out—"there, sir, are twelve." "But I want thirteen for a shilling," says he, "because I pay you twelve and a half cents." Now, rather than dispute half an hour, I give him the odd egg for the odd half cent, which, let me tell you, I can never realize. Presently another customer, who counts even farthings, makes his appearance. "How do you sell candles?" "Two cents a-piece." "Well, I'll take nine." I hand them to him, and he throws out a pistareen. "That's just the change, sir," said I. "Oh, no," said he, "I gave you eighteen cents and three farthings—you know where there is an excess over five mills, the purchaser or creditor is always entitled to a whole cent—but seeing it's you, I'll take only a half cent, and say nothing about the odd farthing." Rather than parley with this man, I pay him his demand, in snuff, a quill, or a Boston cracker. Now, Mr. Editor, I don't regard, comparatively, the value of a farthing or a ha'penny—but I like principle; I hate to be trifled, above all things. "What's right, is right." Shakespeare says something about "he that trifles," &c. but that is nothing in comparison to being gouged—not in your eyes, or out of a blind horse, or a bushel of potatoes, or a lady love—but out of a HALF CENT.

Why is a man who expects a kiss, and is refused, like a shipwrecked fisherman? Because he has lost his smack. When one is going to kiss a girl, and she won't let him, why is he like a gunsmith? Because he has made a blunder-buss.



THE OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

The best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities; and were the accidental oversight and folly of the wisest man—the failings and imperfections of a religious man—the hasty acts and passionate works of a meek man—were they to rise up in judgment against them, and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark, in this manner, what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him?—Sterne.

Aim at perfection in every thing, tho' in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with "irons that enter into their souls."—Adventurer.

A young Frenchman, complaining of the gravity of Americans, said—"They go to a ball and dance as if they did it by order of the legislature."

When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a laboring Bricklayer was called as a witness; when he was called up to be sworn his Lordship said to him, "Really, witness, when you have to appear before this Court, it is your bounden duty to appear more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness, "if your Lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your Lordship." "How do you mean, Sir?" said his Lordship angrily. "Why faith," said the laborer, "You come here in your working clothes, and I'm come in mine."

A pert young lawyer said to another, that he had received 25 guineas for speaking in a certain case. "And I," said the other, "received double that sum for holding my tongue in the same case."

A gentleman told a lady she was wonderous handsome, who replied, "I thank you for your good opinion, and wish I could say as much of you." "You might, madam," said he, "if you lie as readily as myself."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a fool?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

A would-be modest lady pulled the sleeve of her garment over her wrist when a physician was about to feel her pulse. The doctor took the corner of his coat and laid it upon the patient's arm, saying "A linen pulse should have a woollen physician."

Rights of Woman.—On offering to sign a deed, the judge took the woman aside, to ascertain whether her husband compelled her to sign. "He compel me!" said the lady, "no, nor twenty like him!"

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